

The Y-News

Vol XXII

Brigham Young University, Provo, Tuesday, March 21, 1944.

No. 16

THIS SPECIAL EDITION OF THE Y NEWS is dedicated to the former ASTP cadets of BYU who left Saturday for Camp Adair, Oregon. Copies of this edition are being sent to the cadets.

BYU Bids Farewell to ASTP Cadets

The Exodus . . .



ASTU cadets pile in the Army truck beside their barracks bags as they prepare to evacuate Stadium Hall, one of three Army residence halls at BYU, prior to their departure on Saturday. Photo by Rickman

"Spring" Cleaning . . .



—Photo by Frank Fouk

ABOVE: Harry Barnhart "shines 'em up" to the C. O.'s liking during clean-up operations at Allen Hall.

RIGHT: Polishing the weapons they will soon be using are K. K. Kirby and Harris Godding.



BELOW: Three unidentified cadets pack their barracks bags as they clear out their room in Allen Hall. Note the Y NEWS in the foreground. —Photo by Frank Fouk

Former Soldier-Trainees Arrive at Camp Adair, Oregon to Begin Infantry Training

Word has come to university officials of the arrival of 250 men from the Army Specialized Training Unit 3959, formerly stationed at Brigham Young University, at Camp Adair, Oregon. Leaving Provo last Saturday as a result of the nation-wide movement to liquidate all except advanced training units in the ASTP program, the men reached Camp Adair yesterday, where they will begin immediately to train in the infantry.

The departure of the cadets, many of whom had been stationed in Provo since last August, was perhaps the most dramatic single event since last spring, when 150 Y men, members of the Easton Reserve Corps, left Provo for Army training camps all over the country.

Led by a section of girls representing the Y Calceas and White Key service societies who joined the march on Fifth North, cadets marched down Third East to the railroad station, where they boarded the train at 6 p. m. At the station, the White Key members passed out magazines and oranges to the men.

Commenting upon the removal, Major Powell said: "I am sorry to see these boys go. They have been excellent. Most of them are possessed of an excellent personality. These boys are going to accomplish things, and I am sure that we will be proud to say that they have been 'buddies of ours' here at BYU."

President Harris also remarked: "We have very much enjoyed their being here. They have contributed to university life and we regret that they have to leave. However, we realize that they have to go where they are sent."

Dean Lloyd, chairman of the social committee remarked: "It has

Commandant Expresses Regret



Major Charles E. Powell, commandant of ASTU 3959

—Photo by Frank Fouk

President Harris Returns From War Conference Noted British Army Officer To Lecture Here

President Franklin S. Harris returned from Boulder, Colorado last Friday after attending the three-day Regional War Conference held on the University of Colorado campus last week for the evaluation of war training and experience for college credit.

Represented at the conference were eight states to discuss the relation of military service to education. Consultations were made with several expert educational and military training leaders as to the methods by which students may prepare for college work while serving in the Army. The U. S. Armed Forces institute with its headquarters established at Madison, Wisconsin, makes it possible for students to carry on college work through correspondence with accredited universities among which is BYU.

Discussion was also held on the educational measurement of training and experience in the armed forces. Plans are to give two to twelve hours of college credit for actual army experience.

In order to have uniformity in granting college credits for war service training and experience, a consultation was held for the evaluation of colleges and the method of evaluating for uniformity.

President Harris disclosed that there is a proposed legislation for veterans to get college education whereby it is probable that they will receive from one to three years of college training after the war.

One of the most distinguished figures of our time, Major Peter W. Rainer, who is a Staff Officer of the British Eighth Army, will speak in the Provo tabernacle on Monday, March 27, at 7:30.

Already widely known in this country through his "My Vindictive Africa," a beautifully written story of the old days on the Dark Continent, he has now written the narrative of the Libyan and Tunisian campaigns. The last, he says, was written "in a tent which was usually full of dust, always full of flies, and often under fire." His lectures contain the same fine narrative, attractive imagery and quality of excitement, for he is as articulate on the platform as he is in the writing of books.

Major Rainer was born in a tent in Swaziland. Os wagons are his first recollections and Zulu kings were his first boyhood heroes. From the grounds of his school in Natal he witnessed the first skirmish of the Boer War. Later with Chris Hani, the elephant man, he traveled in search of diamonds; he made an expedition to find treasure in Mosambique he prospected for gold; and traveled through the Vungwa forest in search of rubber.

He distinguished himself in the first World War as one of Demolition's troop of scouts and took part in the capture of 300 miles in 7 days on 1 day's rations, which caught the Germans unprepared and ended the fearful Gebon fight.

Despite the severity of the line he has led, he has the progressive and far-sighted outlook of the South Africans and a simplicity, philosophical sense and unquenchable hope and enthusiasm that make his thought and speech refreshing and inspiring to these times.

CADETS!

You can still order your 1944 Banyan. Send \$1.00 to the Banyan office, together with your address. The Banyan will be mailed to you wherever you go.



The Popular Arts -

Featuring
Cadet
Art

Goodbye Privates . . .

The empty halls and classrooms all tell the same story this week—the cadets are gone.

Far be it from us to wax sentimental over the exodus of you khaki-clad fellow students who were given a sudden sort of commencement almost in the middle of your schooling. But we do want you late ASTP cadets of BYU to know that we do miss you and wish you the best of luck wherever you may go.

Sometimes we wonder what sort of memories of BYU will remain with you men of ASTU 1939. We wonder if a year from now you will remember the lamentable lack of respectable night life in Provo, or if you will recall with a touch of nostalgia the Junior Prom and the Sophomore Loan Fund Ball.

Your stay at BYU has been a strange interlude for all of us. As you probably noticed, we had to get used to you and the different sort of campus life you brought with you.

We are glad you came. We are proud of the way you adjusted yourselves to life at BYU with a minimum of genuine griping. We want to thank you for your contributions to student body life.

Above all, we want to say to you. "Goodbye and good luck!"



WELL-KNOWN SCENES were also sketched by Cadet Fineberg. Above: cadets studying in the library. Right: A Devotional assembly. Cadet Fineberg is from Boston, Massachusetts.

CARICATURES of familiar faces by Cadet Summer Fineberg, who until Saturday was stationed here at BYU with the Army Specialized Training Unit.



Straight From the Grave

By Bill and Dave

As we settled down to dig our final grave the following conversation took place:

Bill: "Dave, let's not try to be too funny this time."

Wendell Jeffery (a rather crude ex-cadet): "Why don't you just be sad, as usual?"

Need we say more?

We came, we saw, we conquered the idiosyncrasies of the slide rule and Knight Hall, and now all that we have is our memories.

Its kinda tuff conning our way into these memories so we shall just begin.

We'll remember when we and six other bedraggled, freezing, and starving cadets-to-be stumbled onto a bleak lower campus at 4:30 one cold November morning, waking up everyone in "D" Dorm in an effort to find a place to sleep.

We remember our amazement at a campus which was split by four blocks of residential district . . . our bewilderment at finding that we had to march EVERYWHERE in formation . . . our discovery that around the corner from Allen Hall was Knight Hall, famous the world over for its fine cuisine.

We remember the profits, good and bad . . .

Dr. Hales, a fine fellow and interested in our welfare, a member of the anti-dioxrose league . . .

Prof. Martin Miller, he insisted on our being awake in class . . .

Prof. Rice, we hope that he's not in the infantry . . .

Prof. Young, the only man on the campus with whom Bill agreed on politics . . .

Prof. Peterson, who got a grade and bad . . .

he thought Dave had possibilities.

We remember the characters that we met . . .

Elaine Todd, the Habba Habba girl . . .

Sally Turner, "Crake the Sal" . . .

The White Keys . . .

Carol Grandall, the inspiration for the "We'd rather be stranded in Provo with TONDELAVOOO than Hedy LaMar Club"

Jean Bickmore, cruel and heartless, she's the one who shames the good stuff out of this column every week.

We ain't done yet, and if you haven't been mentioned by this time, don't worry, we're just trying to figure out some crack to go with the name. We remember Mave and Pat, mostly Mave . . . Dorothea Jones, she's so demure and quiet . . . Janet McDonald, she loves you like a brother . . . Lil Sewart and Marge Vowels, two live wires who play a fine game of bridge . . . Clint Wiest, Sweetheart of OST, and best dressed man on the campus . . . Janie Thompson, president of Club 343 and the grandest gal we ever met . . . Ruth England, vice-president of Club 343 and keeper of the Blue Light, the hardest working gal on the campus.

We can go on forever. Here are some of the cadets we'll never forget, Kermit T. Hendrickson, a fine musician and smoother than most guys . . . Clarence O. Kruger, he took all of this seriously . . . Blaine Stachowiak, a genuine character . . . Wallace K. Will, gig happy . . . E. R. "The Horse" Horsefall, he got it bad . . . Ebert and Barlie, never a dull moment.

This should concern the Y only, but there are some Provo institutions that will remain with us forever . . . the Utahna, most misunderstood place in town . . . Mom's, "where the elite meet to eat" . . . Keeley's, when you felt like reflecting you went there . . . and the top three rows in the Paramount balcony.

We'll never forget the hideous Sundays, it snowed or rained without fail every week end . . . trying to stay in formation and march in the snow . . . Friday night retreats with the YC's and White Keys . . . sitting on the right side of the auditorium and dividing our left between the speaker and the girls to our left.

Then there is that wonderful day we left Provo for our first furlough . . . it was fine to be home for many of us, it was fine to get back . . .

We remember Club 343, your home away from home . . . the last night we were in town, we remember listening, in a candlelit room, to Janie Thompson singing in her beautiful full voice "Easy Street," followed by "Embraceable You" . . . the clear, cool nights with the full moon shining down on Timpanogas highlighting the new on the peak . . .

The sunrise and sunset turning the snow capped peaks into a blaze of fiery red.

How can we forget the "keep your distance" policy of the Smith building dances . . . they were a great kick . . . and the banquets . . . "Germie" singing . . . Janie playing . . . and the day five red-faced girls kissed five red-faced Section eights as they received good conduct ribbons.

We'll always remember never seeing anyone beat a pin ball machine . . . Perlman and Thacher cleaning up in poker . . . The casino in Room 70 at Allen hall . . . and the bets regarding when we were leaving for where . . . we bet, incidentally, that when you read this we will be in Oregon and only 250 miles plus from the homes of those woeful parents of Bill and Dave.

Writing something like this is just like thinking out loud . . . we are blue, we admit it . . . and we could pour this stuff out forever, but ya gotta stop somewhere.

Saying good-bye is difficult . . . especially when we know our eventual destination—and when we know that at least one out of each ten of us won't be back . . . that's life . . . s'long and think about us once in a while . . . we'll never forget.

THE Y NEWS

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"Thanks For The Memories" . . .

Departed Cadet Reviews Y Life From Beginning

Eight of us saw the Y campus for the first time on cold November morning at 5 o'clock. We were hungry and sleepy and shivering. And we didn't like Provo.

It would be hypocritical for any of the seven of us who are still here to say that we learned to like Provo in our four and a half month stay. It's dead. But we learned to love the Y, and we can speak for nearly all of 250 soldiers who have been stationed here.

Our second day, Dean Lloyd spoke to us and explained BYU's institutions and ideals and made us welcome. He told us that we were to be Y men unless we proved different. Some of the smarter boys laughed—but, we are leaving now—and we are Y men.

And someday when Y men return from all parts of the world, a number of them—perhaps an insignificant number compared to the whole—will be former cadets of ASTU 3959. The Y means something to us.

It was August 3 that the first contingent of soldiers arrived at Brigham Young. There were 250 of them and they marched from the railroad station to Stadium hall in November 45 of us arrived and then in February the last group of 65 came APO, Provo.

We, in a sense took the place of the Y men who are serving elsewhere. Of varied religions and ideals, we didn't do a great job of it, but we had fun, and, ten to one, we were interesting.

As much as it was possible and still in keeping with army discipline the soldiers were fitted into the college life at BYU. We lived in pleasant surroundings, Albia hall, Stadium hall, and the NYA barracks. We attended classes under, in most cases, very fine civilian professors and between classes were able to sneak in a couple of minutes talking to our girls; we ate finer food than most of the "civies" did; we put on dances and assemblies and supplied a hand and other talent for further entertainment.

And best of all, we were accepted here. At first we were the only Y students and Dr. Broadbent went out of his way to arrange dances and entertainments. When the cords came back in October they were a little leary of the Army but in no time GI O.D.'s together with skirts, sweaters and saddle shoes were to be seen everywhere. Odds are now that there isn't a girl on the Y campus who doesn't know at least one enthusiastic cadet. In fact Bill and Dave report that they were introduced yesterday to the last girl in

Honorary Units, Faculty Are Guests at Farewell Banquet

Faculty members, White Keys, and Y Calcears were guests of cadets and officers at their farewell banquet held last Thursday evening in the Smith building cafeteria.

Cadet James H. Burson, acted as master of ceremonies and initiated the program with the singing of the National Anthem, which was followed by "Blue Skies" and "For Me and My Gal." Professor Joseph K. Nichols expressed, on behalf of the faculty, the appreciation for the association with the cadets on the campus.

Major Charles E. Powell, commandant, expressed his regret that the stay of Unit 3959 has been terminated. Presentation of good conduct medals was then made to 45 cadets by Captain Quoss.

A special arrangement by Janie Thompson of the popular "You'll Never Know" was sung by a

chorus of girls in honor of the occasion, which was followed by "In My Solitude."

Dean Wesley P. Lloyd closed the program with an inspiring speech in which he made every cadet feel that he had become a part of the Y and would be welcome to return to the campus anytime.

Musical accompaniment during the dinner was furnished by the cadet orchestra.

"Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny!"



It's
"Stumpy"
(Cadet Luren
Loth, Esq.)

Singing in
a wee small
voice,
Remember!

★

Utah who could claim not to have met a BYU cadet.

It is really rather difficult to write a story like this without sounding tite and rather forced. This hasn't been forced and if it is tite it is because memories are true. Whenever a writer, or an embryo journalist runs off his list, his vision may be affected by his sentiments but is remarkably clear.

A lot of us are leaving good friends behind us; some are leaving wives. The jaunts to Knight hall, lone hall and other club boarding houses, especially during the last couple of weeks when, knowing that we were leaving, we sneaked out during study hours, will remain with us forever. And because a cadet is an acknowledged egotistic creature, we hope that the girls will remember



Army mess turns into "jam session."

You came; You saw; You conquered



Cadet Capers on Campus Furnish Brain Food for Scribe's Musings

Hup, two, three, four. Hup, two, three, four. Column right-light, turn! More than once as I've dozed over my ten-volume set of "The Private Life of Looie, the Louise, (for Zoology class) at 6:04 in the morning—or maybe it's 7:00; our alarm is unreliable—I've been roused by the sound of you wide-awake, bursting-with-energy cadets rounding the corner

on the way to your first class. I could tell you were rounding the corner because of all the military terminology I've learned since Burson started to drill the White Keys, and besides, if you didn't turn the corner right in front of our house you'd march right into the house—on opportunity—something which has never happened. Darn it, as my roommates have said so often.

I've marveled how you fellows could be so lively and so happy so early in the morning, considering the bed-check statistics I've heard rumors about. It all goes to prove what you've told us all along, that you're very remarkable fellows.

Oh, we admit we've complained about you occasionally. We've bewailed the fact that having our cafeteria go G.I. has deprived us of our favorite pre-war campus gripe, the exorbitant prices of unsalted potatoes and sautéed spinach with vinegar. We've muttered through our pearls twice when we have research papers to do but are banned from No Woman's Land, the whole east end of the library. We've even sent threatening glances your way from under our glamorous long eyelashes when you've refused to take condigns during assemblies.

And another thing—all winter my three roommates just couldn't understand why our hatching partners were not as overrun with khaki and shiny gold buttons as that big house across the street—Knight hall.

Now that we are all used to your ways, have learned to like you, and have made you our adopted Y'sers, we find that your leaving makes us feel like that heavy snowfall did last week, when we thought that spring was here to stay. You would have liked a spring at the Y. Joe, Jim, Smitty, Bob, Dave, George, Neal, all of you. It's even more fun than to loaf through math and engineering classes. But wherever you are, whatever you are doing, remember the Y and us as friends, as well, remember you are . . . carbonate of soda, but we'll miss you fellows . . . honest!

Cummings and his family in Paris before the outbreak of the war.

Marcy Greenhaw was in charge of the program, and Ruth Ulrich acted as mistress of ceremonies.

OS Forced To Cancel Dance

For obvious reasons, the OS informal dancing party, previously scheduled to be held next Saturday night, has been cancelled.

OS meeting will be held next week when plans for spring rushing will be the main topic of discussion.

Lambda Delta Sigma Elects Secretary

Lois Woolf of Provo has been appointed secretary of the executive council of Lambda Delta Sigma recently. She succeeds Verena Uresenhold of Cardston, Canada who resigned in order to complete her work for graduation.

The appointment took place at a recent executive council meeting. Lois received her appointment by a unanimous vote.

Clever Play Held At French Club

"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," a one-act play, delighted French club goes last Tuesday evening at the regular meeting. The characters (all using superb French) were portrayed by Marcy Greenhaw, Jackie Sutton, Marian Owens, Corinne Weech, Wayne Booth, and Herman Green.

Following the play, a musical program was presented with Patricia Reid singing a vocal solo, and the French club string trio, consisting of Herman Green, Marian Robertson, and Jackie Sutton, played two numbers.

The group then enjoyed seeing some French slides projected on the screen by Professor B. F. Cummings. The pictures were scenes of the French countryside taken by Professor



Those synopsating soldiers: Kermit, Jeff, Margt, "Germie"



Featuring
Cadet
Sports...

ASTU Hoop Team, the Commandoes, Take Honors in Intramural Basketball Tourney



THE CHAMPS—The winners of the 1944 title in the Men's Intramural tournament, the Commandoes, were an all-cadet team, composed of the best men from all the cadet teams entered in the ASTU league competition. The members pictured here are: Front Row, Dale Bowlin, Robert Shanack, John White, and Bill Bergen. Back Row, Richard Horstall, Bob Gray, Bob Cooper, and Dick Brown.

Cadets Tounce All Opposition to Grab Cage Crown

Roaring back after losing their first game of the intramural cage season to the faculty, the Commandoes, representing the AST Unit, walked off with the BYU hoop championship in a season which ended this month.

A combination of height, speed, and precision-like teamwork, which made them look almost in the college variety class themselves, brought the cadets their title.

Organized by Bob Gray at the close of the cadet intra-murals, the eight included two men from the cadet champs, the old Section 2; four from a last place Section 5 quint, and one each from the old Sections 4 and 7.

Starters on the Y title club were Dick Brown, Bob Cooper, Dale Bowlin, Bob Shanack, and White. Without weakening the attack it was possible also to use Bill Bergen, Rich Horstall or Gray.

Following their opening defeat, the Commandoes went through the remainder of the league competition without a loss.

Cadets Kept Up Athletics While at BYU

Devoting an hour a day in the gym and numerous free hours, cadents of BYU's AST Unit were able to keep themselves in tip-top shape during their stay here.

An hour's physical training per day was required of all men, during which time they performed calisthenics, played basketball or football, or ran on the Y's fine track in season. Also at the beginning and end of each term the men underwent rugged physical endurance tests which involved climbing, pushups, etc.

However, where the enthusiasm

was involved was in competitions in various sports between platoons or other groups.

Last fall saw truly tough football games, as did this spring before winter retired. Rivalry was high and interest great. During those days to which winter is usually limited, a strong intramural cadet basketball league sprang up. Champions were last term's Section 2 with the notorious Section 8 surprising everyone by using football tactics to bring them in second.

When they had the opportunity a few cadets took advantage of the fine tennis courts, a few ran every night possible on the cinder track, and two night's saw the softball enthusiasts in full way.

Such enthusiasm for sports is especially noticeable when one realizes the competition that Knight hall or poker games offered.

One fact is certain. When these fellows go back to the army, they won't require too much toughening up and they won't have to be taught jiu jitsu. They learned that here.

Our Job Is to Save Dollars
Buy War Bonds Every Pay Day

BYU Men at War

By Miriam Young

BYU men at war increased in numbers this week as 250 new names were added to the list of our former students soon to leave for active duty. Good luck fellows. We'll be thinking about you and hoping that you soon can return to the Y. Cecil Jorgensen was a campus visitor last week while he was home on leave. At the present time he is in the Navy V-12 program attending school at Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana. Cecil has been a student here three years previous to this and during this time he has won one of the preferred men at the Annual AWS Preference ball. He is a member of Lambda Delta Sigma.

From the European battle area we have word concerning the recent promotion of Lamoyne Petersen to a sergeant. Lamoyne graduated from the Y in 1942 and he will be remembered for his participation on several assemblies with a quartet which sang Barber Shop style. He has been in England for the past year and a half.

Also in England is Port Winston Dahlquist, now in the U. S. Army Air Corps. He was a student here during 1942-43, and was affiliated with the Viking social unit.

Lt. Sam Smoot, now stationed in Australia and a graduate of 1942, has run into several Y students here: Roy Hammond, graduate of 1936 and now a Lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps; Bill Clark, and Woodrow Washburn.

While your thoughts are turned to the Pacific theatre it was it would be well to note that Ronald Larsen is in New Caledonia serving with the Army.

Our women students are represented this week by Pvt. Virginia Dixon of the WACS. At the present time she is secretary to her commanding officer at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Virginia was a student here from 1940 to 1942 and was affiliated with the Cesta Te social unit.

Lt. Parley P. Call of the U. S. Army Air Corps, is at present stationed at Oxnard, California. After receiving his commission in the Field Artillery in 1943 he transferred to the Army Air Corps for Ground Force Officer training. Lt. Call attended the Y in 1939-40.

Lt. Jack Wilson, graduate of 1942 and holder of both pilot and bombardier wings is now stationed in South Carolina. He was inducted into the army shortly after Pearl Harbor, and many of his flying missions have taken him over the Caribbean defense area. He was affiliated with the Tausig social unit.

We must give credit where credit is due. It was Sgt. J. Ray Mills who sent us word of Chelsey G. Peterson's recent promotion to a Brigadier General.

The remnants of old section eight who were sent to Tuscon, Arizona for further training under the ASTU program are now on their way to San Francisco and overseas duty. "Bon Voyage, fellows."

Lt. (J.G.) John Evans is now an officer aboard the SS Richmond. In the course of his travels he has visited South America, the Aleutian Islands, and points in the South Pacific. Lt. Evans graduated from the BYU in 1940.

SHE WANTED A PART IN WINNING THE WAR!

ANN, A REAL AMERICAN GIRL, JOINS THE WAVES